

Cut on the 4th of July

James had never fucked on the Fourth of July before, but the entire country was celebrating something tonight, and so was he.

The dorm room was dark except for the blue-white glow of the TV, muted, showing the fireworks over the National Mall — rockets bursting red, white, and blue over the Washington Monument. The sound was off, but the boom trembled through the window glass every few seconds, rattling the frame. Outside, the whole city was lit up, cheers floating up from the streets below, drunk and patriotic.

Inside, there was only the wet sound of Patrick's mouth on his cock.

Patrick had him spread out on the twin XL bed, the thin mattress creaking with every shift of weight. James's head was thrown back, blond hair fanned across the pillow, blue eyes fixed on the ceiling as that warm, skilled mouth worked him over. Patrick's tongue traced the rim of his foreskin — that loose, mobile sheath that had defined every sexual experience of James's eighteen years. The way it bunched and slid, the way the head retreated and

emerged, the way other guys in the locker room had glanced and whispered freshman year.

Freak. Euro-trash. Why's it look like that?

But Patrick never whispered. Patrick swallowed him whole, lips stretched around the hood, tongue delving into the pocket of skin, tasting the smegma that had gathered there through the long, humid July day. James's hips bucked, a strangled sound caught in his throat.

"God, Pat..."

Patrick pulled off, a string of saliva connecting his lower lip to the glistening tip of James's cock. His deep green eyes glittered in the TV light, brown hair disheveled, tan skin flushed from exertion. "You love my mouth on it."

It wasn't a question.

"Yeah." James's voice cracked. "Fuck, yeah, I do."

Patrick crawled up his body, that thick circumcised cock dragging across James's thigh, leaving a wet trail of pre-cum. Seven and a half inches, smooth and streamlined, the head permanently exposed, the corona raised and defined like a helmet. A perfect American cock. The kind James had envied since he'd first started noticing dicks in the high school locker room. Clean. Efficient. *Normal*.

He reached down, wrapping his fingers around Patrick's shaft, thumb tracing the bare ridge of the glans. No skin to

push back. No hidden territory. Just hard, hot flesh, right there, demanding attention. Patrick groaned, hips flexing into his grip.

"Touch yours," Patrick murmured against his ear. "Show me."

James's hand drifted down, fingers finding his own cock — wet, half-hard, the foreskin still bunched around the crown. He pushed it back slowly, exposing the slick pink head, the slit beading with pre-cum. The contrast was stark in his palm. His own skin moving, gliding, hiding. Patrick's bare and ready.

"Two hundred and fifty years," Patrick said, voice low, almost reverent. "That's how long this country's been free. And you're still walking around with a European dick."

A joke. Mostly. But the words landed in James's chest like a stone dropped into still water.

They'd been talking about it for weeks — ever since Patrick had first seen him naked, had blinked once, then said "*Oh, you're not...*" and let the sentence hang. James had felt the shame bloom hot in his gut, the old familiar humiliation rising like bile. But Patrick had handled it differently than the others. He'd touched it. Kissed it. Told James it was *interesting* — a specimen to be studied, a project.

And then, one night after too many beers, Patrick had pulled up his phone and shown him a PDF. A medical textbook chapter on circumcision techniques. *"You know I could do it,"* he'd said, casual as asking for the remote. *"I've assisted on three already. Dr. Chen lets me suture. It's not hard."*

Tonight, the night of July 4, 2026, the 250th birthday of the United States of America, James had finally said yes.

With one condition.

"I want it to look like yours."

Patrick had smiled at that, slow and wolfish. "High and tight."

"High and tight."

Now, in the darkness of their dorm room, Patrick rolled off the bed and padded to his desk, naked, his cock swinging heavy between his thighs. The desk lamp clicked on, casting a warm cone of light over a setup James had seen Patrick prepare a dozen times — sterilized instruments laid out on a blue towel, rubber gloves, gauze packs, a vial of lidocaine, syringes, and the thing that made James's stomach flip.

The Gomco clamp.

It sat there in its stainless steel glory, a heavy surgical instrument with a bell-shaped top and a flat base plate, the

arm extending out with the tightening nut. It looked medieval and clinical at once, a device designed to crush and cut, to remake a body into something new.

Patrick picked it up, the metal catching the light. "You sure?"

James looked at the clamp. Looked at Patrick's cock — that beautiful, naked, permanently-on-display cock. He thought about the rest of his life. The rest of his sex life. Walking into locker rooms and finally looking like everyone else. Finally feeling like he belonged.

"Yeah." His voice came out steady. "Do it."

Patrick crossed back to the bed, the Gomco in one hand, a syringe in the other. He knelt between James's spread legs, the mattress dipping under his weight. The fireworks on TV had reached a crescendo, bursts of gold and crimson washing the room in color.

"Lie back. This is going to sting for a second."

The needle went into the base of his cock — four tiny injections around the circumference, the lidocaine burning as it spread. James hissed through his teeth, hands fisting in the sheets. Patrick's touch was sure, professional, the fingers that had been wrapped around his cock an hour ago now working with clinical precision.

"Good. Give it ten minutes."

Patrick washed his hands with surgical scrub from a bottle, the sharp scent of iodine cutting through the musk of sex. He pulled on purple nitrile gloves, the snap of latex sharp in the quiet. Then he sat back, watching James, his cock half-hard again, the sight of James spread open and waiting clearly affecting him.

"Touch yourself," Patrick said. "I want you hard for this."

James's hand moved before he'd fully processed the command. He wrapped his fingers around his numbing cock, the sensation strange and muffled, like touching something through thick fabric. He stroked slowly, the foreskin sliding, Patrick's eyes tracking every movement.

"That's it. Show me what I'm going to take off."

The minutes crawled. The fireworks boomed. James stroked himself to full hardness, his cock standing upright, the foreskin retracted now, the head exposed and slick. Patrick leaned forward and licked a stripe up the shaft, tongue flat and warm, tasting salt and rubber glove.

"I love this cock," Patrick murmured against the skin. "I love what it's going to become."

He reached for the Gomco.

The bell went on first — a small stainless steel cap that fit over the head of James's cock, shielding the glans. Patrick worked it into place with practiced fingers, the metal cold

and foreign against the numbed flesh. Then he pulled the foreskin forward over the bell, stretching the loose skin taut, and fed it through the opening in the base plate.

James watched from his reclined position, the room swimming slightly. The base plate pressed against his pubic bone, the arm of the Gomco extending upward, Patrick's hand tightening the nut. The pressure built — not pain, but a deep, grinding compression as the device crushed the foreskin between the bell and the plate.

"You're doing so well," Patrick said, voice soft. "You're almost there."

He tightened the nut further. James felt the clamp bite, felt everything go numb and tight, the blood supply to his foreskin cut off by the crushing pressure. He was bound now, clamped, the metal device turning his cock into something mechanical, something being remade.

Patrick picked up the scalpel.

The blade was small, precise, a number 15 surgical blade on a stainless steel handle. It caught the light from the desk lamp as Patrick positioned it against the flat plate, pressing the edge against the crushed rim of skin.

"Happy birthday, America," Patrick whispered.

He cut.

There was no pain — the lidocaine and the clamp had done their work. But James *felt* it. Felt the blade slice through the crushed tissue, felt the separation as his foreskin parted from his body, felt the release of pressure as the constricted ring fell away. Patrick set the scalpel down and lifted the Gomco, bell and all, and the severed ring of foreskin came with it — a small, pale donut of skin sitting on the metal plate.

Patrick held it up to the window.

Behind it, a firework exploded — a massive red and blue starburst that lit up the room, the silhouette of the severed foreskin dark against the glow. Then Patrick dropped it into the biohazard bag and turned back to James's cock.

It was beautiful.

The head was fully exposed now, the corona standing out in perfect relief, the shaft smooth and clean where the cut ran in a clean line around the circumference. High. Right behind the head. Exactly like Patrick's.

"Fuck," James breathed, looking down at himself. "I'm..."

"Perfect," Patrick finished.

He picked up the suture kit — a curved needle, dissolvable thread, the instruments laid out with careful precision. He leaned over James's groin, the fireworks still bursting outside, and began to sew, each stitch bringing

the raw edge of skin together, closing the wound, making the new circumcision permanent.

The needle pierced, the thread pulled, the knot tied. Over and over, a rhythm as steady as the explosions outside. James watched Patrick's hands work, those fingers that had touched him so many times now rebuilding him, remaking him in Patrick's own image.

When the last stitch was tied and trimmed, Patrick sat back and admired his work. The circumcision was clean, high, tight — the glans fully exposed, the suture line neat and even, a ring of tiny black knots circling the shaft just below the head.

"It's done." Patrick's voice was thick. "You're cut, James. You're one of us now."

He leaned down and, very gently, kissed the tip of James's newly exposed cock. His lips were warm, soft, reverent. James felt the touch through the leftover numbness, a ghost of sensation, a promise of what would come when he healed.

"You're beautiful," Patrick said against the glans. "My perfect American boy."

Outside, the fireworks reached their finale — a deafening roar of light and sound, the sky turning white, the whole nation celebrating.

But James barely heard it.

He was too busy watching Patrick's mouth, imagining what it would feel like when he could finally take this new cock — this real American cock — into his throat and taste what he'd become.